

Contains also "the Exercises at
the Grammar School at Bristol
and some Manuscript Verses
by the Author R. Catcott.



Francis Freeling.

11335.c 48.
1-2

To Miss Jefferis, on the following
Poems of Hero and Leander, and the Court of Love.

Such were the strains, fair Maid, w^h once I sung,
When gay the fancy and the muse was young;
And rigid Cato may forgive the strains,
Whilst o're our hearts love's gentle passion reigns.
Lives there a mortal whose obdurate breast
Not once, at least, the power of love confess'd?
The name of man his nature cannot suit;
He's more or less, an angel or a brute.
Yet ere the following lines thy thoughts engage,
Hear first the counsel of maturer age.

What marble heart laments not Hero's fate,
Young, beautiful, constant, but unfortunate!
Hard seems her lot; yet, think, from whence arose
The fatal cause that fram'd this scene of woe;
The headless fair deliver'd up her charms,
No friends consulted, to a stranger's arms,
But push'd by love's ungovernable force,
Perish'd her will, and perish'd in the course.
In thee with beauty may discretion meet,
And make fair Hero's character compleat!
Let cautious prudence first the way explore,
And love pursue where duty goes before;
Determine not but with thy parent's voice,
Then bliss shall crown, and heav'n approve thy choice.



In Rosalinda see what charms combine!
E'en heav'n is robb'd to make the fair, divine;
And Juno's air and Venus form must meet
To dress the mortal maid in charms compleat.
Thus while desire in it's first vigour reigns,
E'en beyond truth the lover's fancy strains.
Yet trust me, Fair, the gay delusion past,
E'en goddesses but women prove at last;
And she, when marriage shifts the scene of life,
Who euld as mistress, must submit as wife;
Then lordly man asserts his native sway,
And the soft sex must in it's turn obey.
Nor let the term obedience give offence,
Tho' harsh the sound, yet gentle is the sense.
By nature form'd with thousand arts to please,
Let prudence aid, you rule our hearts with ease.
When in loud storms the winds, tumultuous, roar,
Who checks their fury makes them rage the more;
But gently give the driving tempest way,
Self-spent, the boist'rous blast will soon decay.
Wouldst thou, in fine, true happiness pursue,
Such as I wish thee, and thy merits due,
Mind full, retain this maxim in thy breast,
She rules the most, who seems to rule the least.

I am Madam

Yr. most obedient servant

Alex^r Farwell.

10 JY 57

THE
P O E M
O F
M U S Æ U S,
O N T H E
L O V E S
O F
HERO and LEANDER,

Paraphras'd in ENGLISH, Heroick Verse.

O X F O R D,

Printed at the THEATER for *Anthony Peisley* Book-
seller: and are to be sold by *James Knapton, Wil-*
liam Taylor, Henry Clement, William Meadows, and
John Morphew, Booksellers in LONDON. 1715.

Price Six Pence.

THE
POPULAR
MUSEUM
ON THE
LOVES



Paraphrased in English Heroick Verse.

OXFORD

Printed at the THEATRE for Anthony Peiffer Book-
seller: and are to be sold by James Knapton, Wil-
liam Taylor, Henry Clement, William Mearns, and
John Morphew, Booksellers in London. 1715.

Price Six Pence.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LADY
MARY MOUNTAGUE.

MADAM,

WHEN I consider my own Inabilities, and the Excellence of Your Ladyship's Judgement, I should hardly dare to appear thus before You, did not the following Lines naturally seem to claim Your Ladyship's Protection.

Poems of Love and Pity are in a more particular Manner entitl'd to a favourable Regard from the Softer, and Fairer Sex; and as those two Passions are the Subject of these Verses, I am certain, I could never find among the compleatest Ladies, ev'n of the *British* Court, any whose Patronage they could claim so properly, as Your Ladyship's; since there are None, whose personal Charms could better raise the former Passion in Others, or whose Sweetness of Temper could sooner excite the latter in Themselves.

To This it is I trust, when I presume to lay this Translation before Your Ladyship; for This (I am sure) will incline You
to

THE DEDICATION.
to forgive my Presumption, tho' the Delicacy of Your Taste may condemn my Performance.

There is still, Madam, another very cogent Reason which urges me to dedicate these Lines to Your Ladyship; and that is a grateful Desire to repay (as far as in me lies) some of those numerous Obligations, I owe to * that Noble Peer, into whose Family You are grafted; and since Your Ladyship's Merits have so justly acquir'd You His Love and Esteem, I think I shall have in some Degree compleated that Resolution, in laying this first Poetical Essay of mine at Your Ladyship's Feet.

MADAM,
That You may long live an Ornament to that Illustrious House, and late leave behind You a Race of Patriots, who may inherit Your Ladyship's Virtues, and the Worth, and Honour of that Generous Lord, shall always be the Wishes of,

MADAM,
Your Ladyship's
most humble,
most devoted,
and most obedient Servant,
ALEXANDER STOPFORD CATCOTT.

* The Earl of Halifax.

HERO and LEANDER,

A

P O E M.

SING, Muse, of hidden Love the conscious Flame,
 Nocturnal Joys, and secret Bliss proclaim;
 Sing the bold Youth, who Nightly swam to prove
 The distant Pleasures of a Foreign Love;
 Fair *Hero's* Marriage, and conceal'd Delight,
 Unseen by Morn, and wrap't in Shades of Night.

Where was the Place their Joys did first begin?
 The happy *Sestos* claim'd the blissfull Scene.
 See! where the Youth the conquer'd Billows braves,
 His rowing Arms divide the yielding Waves!
 And lo! from far there shines a glimm'ring Light,
 Through tractless Seas his faithful Guide by Night!
 The kind Proclaimer of approaching Joy,
 The Nuptial Torch, which did it's Light employ
 To the fair Virgin's Bed to guide the am'rous Boy;

A

The

The sacred Representative of Love,
 A Light, which (had it pleas'd propitious Jove)
 Might claim a Place among the Fires above;
 There to have shone a bright, Immortal Flame,
 Adorn'd with Light eternal as it's Fame;
 O'er Nuptial Joys it's Office to preside,
 And bless the Bridegroom, and adorn the Bride;
 On Earth propitious to a faithful Pair,
 Nocturnal Pleasures were it's constant Care;
 This gentle Office bore the friendly Flame,
 'Till blust'ring Winds the faithful Light o'ercame.

But, Goddess, Thou the double Loss relate,
 The Torch extinguish'd, and the Lover's Fate.

Where *Helle's* Waves the neighb'ring Shores divide,
 A Sea-port Town appears on either Side;
Abydos One, and One was *Sestos* nam'd,
 That for *Leander*, This for *Hero* fam'd;
 The beauteous Couple shone with equal Grace,
 Each, like a Star, adorn'd their Native Place;
 The God of Love beheld with wanton Joy,
 The lovely Virgin, and the graceful Boy;
 He saw what matchless Charms they Both display'd,
 And thought One only for the Other made,
 Then chose a Shaft from out the fatal Store,
 The keenest Dart his Golden Quiver bore,

(Wing'd

Wing'd with gay Love, and tip't with young Desires,
 It never fail'd of kindling am'rous Fires)
 To Either Shore the well-aim'd Arrow fly's,
 And at one Flight obtains a double Prize,
 With equal Ardour struck the beauteous Pair,
 The Fair the Youth, the Youth ador'd the Fair.

Should ever Fate direct thy Course that Way,
 Who e'er Thou art, awhile thy Journey stay;
 Oh! let two faithful Lovers hapless Love,
 Thy gentle Breast to tender Pity move!
 Oh! for Their Sakes survey the fatal Shore,
 Nor rudely pass the pleasing Prospect o'er!
 Here view the Tow'r, where *Sestian Hero* stood
 To guide her Lover thro' the distant Flood;
 And there *Abydos'* melancholy Coast,
 Whose murm'ring Waves yet mourn *Leander* lost.

The mournful Story hast We to disclose,
 From whence at first the Infant Passion rose,
 And how the tender, and imperfect Flame,
 Foster'd by Love, to full Perfection came,
 Whence the Youth's Passion sprung, and how the Maid
 His ardent Love with equal Flames repay'd.

The fairest Goddess in the Courts above
 Fair *Hero* serv'd; a second Queen of Love;

Commanding Beauty, and Superior Grace
 Proclaim'd Her sprung from no ignoble Race;
 With noiseless Ease, and Solitude content,
 Her Time (secure in Innocence) She spent;
 With strict Discretion, and a steadfast Mind,
 Her Sex's vain Impertinents declin'd;
 Dances and Plays (those Baits of Love) She fled,
 Nor knew, nor wish'd to know the Marriage-Bed;
 She scorn'd the Pleasures of the noisy Crowd,
 Tho' Young, yet Cautious; Beauteous, yet not Proud.

Close by the Sea, a lonely Tow'r there stood,
 Whose rising Walls o'erlook'd the neighb'ring Flood;
 Far from her Parents here She liv'd obscure,
 From Censure free, from Female Tongues secure;
 (For Pride too oft with Envy taints the Fair,
 Ill can a Woman Rival Beauty bear!)
 Her sole Delight was in her Office plac'd,
 And *Venus*' Shrine with constant Care She grac'd;
 With vain Precaution too, the Pious Maid
 Libations oft on *Cupid*'s Altar shed;
 Nor Vows, nor Pray'rs the cruel God could move,
 Nor liquid Off'rings quench the fiery Dart of Love.

At *Sestos* now the solemn Feast was seen,
 In Love's Remembrance form'd by Beauty's Queen,

Whilst

Whilst Year by Year Religious Rites are pay'd
 To mournful *Venus*, and *Adonis*' Shade.
 Desire to view the sacred Sports exhausts
 The Isles around, and drains the neighb'ring Coasts;
 The Gay, the Grave, the Humble, and the Great,
 In Shoals all throng, and all at *Sestos* meet;
 The Women sure would never miss the Day,
 To gain new Conquests, and new Charms display;
 They too the glorious Festival adorn'd,
 Of all her Fair bereft *Cythera* mourn'd;
 On fragrant *Libanus* the Dancing ceas'd,
 The Dancers all were present at the Feast.

When Feasts invite, and Beauty calls away,
 What Youth so cold, but would with Joy obey?
 Impell'd by Love, each left his Native Home,
 Some from *Haemonia*, and from *Cyprus* some,
 But all from *Phrygia*, and *Abydos* come,
 Devotion scarcely did their Breasts inflame,
 Nor fir'd by Zeal the Youthful Wand'ers came,
 They deem'd it Heav'n alone to view the Fair,
 And humbly pay'd their Adoration there.
 Their Hearts they offer'd to the brightest Eyes,
 And were Themselves the Priests and Sacrifice.

Hero the Fair, as *Venus*' Priestess, pay'd
 Her due Attendance, and her Charge obey'd;

She

She spoke, she mov'd with more than Mortal Grace,
 A beamy Brightness play'd around her Face,
 And double Glory fill'd the sacred Place.
 The Radiant Pow'r, who gilds the sable Night;
 Ne'er look'd so fair, nor ever shone so bright;
 The blooming Colours, which her Cheeks disclose,
 The Lilly sham'd, and double-dy'd the Rose;
 The flow'ry Chaplets, which adorn'd the Maid,
 Confess'd her Charms, and blushing hung their Head;
 Her Feet the Shortness of her Stole reveal'd,
 And gave to guess what Beauties lay conceal'd;
 With Roses deck'd by Turns they pleas'd the Sight,
 While scatter'd Odours gave the Smell Delight;
 All rosy red the modest Virgin glow'd,
 And pleasing as a flow'ry Meadow show'd.

To Beauty blind, the doating Bards in vain
 Confin'd of old to *Three* the *Graces'* Train;
 Their mean, dull Notions we believe no more,
 But better taught extend the scanty Store;
 Had they too seen what Charms fair *Hero* crown'd,
 They too convinc'd would have enlarg'd their Bound,
 While from each Motion num'rous Graces rise,
 Dance in her Smiles, and wanton in her Eyes.

Well was the Virgin worthy Beauty's Queen,
 In whom such Charms, such Heav'nly Charms were seen;

Well

Well was the Goddess worthy such a Maid,
 Who Beauties equal with her own display'd,
 As One on Earth, so One excell'd Above,
 A Mortal *Venus* serv'd th' Immortal Queen of Love.

Each gazing Youth perceiv'd a pleasing Smart,
 And felt the Fair One gliding to his Heart;
 The lov'd Idea seiz'd each am'rous Breast,
 In tender Wishes each his Flame express'd;
 Not one but long'd those mighty Joys to know,
 Which beauteous *Hero* could alone bestow;
 Where e're she mov'd, she scatter'd Deaths around,
 Each Motion killing, and each Glance a Wound;
 All Eyes, all Wishes center'd in the Maid,
 Her ev'ry Action ev'ry Eye obey'd,
 Mov'd when She mov'd, and when She stop'd was stay'd.
 Struck with Astonishment, with Love possess'd,
 Some wounded Youth his Passion thus express'd,
 And eas'd the Tumults in his lab'ring Breast;

“ Well-read in Beauty much these Eyes have seen,
 “ Have *Sparta* view'd, at *Lacedæmon* been;
 “ (Contending Beauties there exert each Art,
 “ Resistless Looks fire each Beholder's Heart,
 “ Just Emulation ! for the fairest Prize
 “ Rewards their Pains, and crowns the brightest Eyes ;)

“ But

"But never yet beheld a Maid so fair,
 "A Form so beauteous, so Divine an Air,
 "At once so sweetly blended in one Face
 "Such winning Softness, and such awful Grace :
 "A Frame so perfect ne'er could spring from Earth,
 "Such Heav'nly Charms from Heav'n derive their Birth ;
 "Some *Grace* perhaps has left the Seats above,
 "And here below attends the Queen of Love.
 "My Eyes grow dim, my dazled Sight is gone,
 "Tir'd, but not satisfy'd with looking on :
 "Though certain Death Enjoyment should attend,
 "Cheaply, I'd think, the beauteous Prize were gain'd ;
 "Nay wou'd ev'n *Jove* resign his Throne above,
 "And give his Empire in Exchange for Love,
 "I'd chuse the Maid, and with Contempt look down
 "On the bright Honours of th' Immortal Crown.
 "Grant me, kind *Venus*, grant this World of Charms
 "To grace my Bed, and fill These longing Arms ;
 "If This you slight, receive my Second Pray'r,
 "And give, oh ! give Me such another Fair.

His Passion thus some bolder Youth avow'd,
 Confess'd his Flame, and told his Complaints aloud,
 While tim'rous Hearts with equal Passion fill'd,
 In Silence pin'd, and inward Fires conceal'd.

But who could poor *Leander's* Pains unfold,
 Fierce, raging Pains, too strong to be controul'd?
 The rising Passion scorn'd to be suppress'd,
 Inflam'd his Soul, and swell'd his heaving Breast.
 Urg'd by the Smart, and stung with furious Love,
 The vent'rous Youth resolv'd his Suit to move;
 He scorn'd to perish by conceal'd Desires,
 Or wast away in slow, consuming Fires;
 For who wou'd Pains, which might be heal'd, endure,
 And fondly dye, nor tempt, at least, a Cure.

Such flatt'ring Thoughts *Leander's* Flame improv'd,
 For still the more he hop'd, the more he lov'd;
 With longing Eyes he view'd the lovely Maid,
 His Eyes the Poison to his Heart convey'd,
 His Pulse beat quick, and ev'ry Member glow'd,
 His sparkling Eyes his inward Fever show'd,
 The gliding Venom slid thro' ev'ry Part,
 And melting Fires consum'd his throbbing Heart.

Lovers, take heed, Ye am'rous Youths, beware,
 Nor heedless gaze on the too killing Fair;
 Not half so swift the winged Arrow flies,
 Not half so sure, as Shafts from sparkling Eyes;
 The pleasing Bane with smooth, deceitful Art,
 Steals thro' the Eyes, and settles in the Heart:

Shun then the glitt'ring Ruin, or too late
You'll curse your Folly, and lament your Fate;

Unruly Passions now the Youth possess'd,
And civil Discord rent his lab'ring Breast;
Fear, Shame, Amazement bear alternate Sway,
By turns All govern, and by turns obey;
Oft at the Fair, o'erpow'r'd by Love, he gaz'd,
As oft her Charms his troubled Mind amaz'd;
Now Resolution fir'd his glowing Breasts,
Now anxious Dread his pausing Heart oppress'd,
Till Love, embold'ning Love, possess'd the Throne,
Compos'd the Feuds, and Victor reign'd alone;
The God with Hopes the waiting Youth inspir'd,
And Fear, and awkward Modesty retir'd;
He said, the Way to prosper was to dare;
A bashful Lover never gain'd the Fair.

Th' encourag'd Youth a willing Ardour show'd
T' obey th' Instructions of th' inspiring God;
With silent Steps *Leander* nigher drew,
A side-long Glance at beauteous *Hera* threw,
Adorn'd with all those luring Arts, that move
An am'rous Breast, and tune the Soul to Love.

Soon did the joyful Maid his Flame disclose,
And blest'd her Charms, from whence his Passion rose;

She

She too Herself receiv'd an equal Wound,
 Oft fix'd her downcast Eyes upon the Ground,
 Oft at the beauteous Youth, with Passion struck,
 At unawares she stole a tim'rous Look;
 Then red with Blushes check'd the bold Delight,
 And seiz'd with Shame recall'd her wand'ring Sight,
 Then look'd, and sigh'd, and sigh'd, and look'd again,
 Then turn'd her Face, and awkward strove in vain
 To hide her Love, and ill-dissembled Pain.

With Joy the Youth perceiv'd his Passion known,
 And saw the Virgin's equal with his own;
 Raging with Love, impatient of Delay,
 He chid the Light, and curs'd the ling'ring Day:
 At length arose the Planet of the Night,
 And Darkneſs (Friend of Love) shut in the Light;
 Propitious Darkneſs, and the dusky Shade,
 For ſecret Joys, and baſhful Lovers made,
 New Hopes, new Boldneſs to his Soul convey'd.
 H' approach'd the Fair, with ardent, longing Eyes
 Survey'd, devour'd the lovely, trembling Prize.
 Flush'd with Deſire her roſy Hand he preſs'd,
 While Sighs inceſſant clove his heaving Breſt,
 Whoſe dumb, reſpectful Eloquence cou'd move,
 Beyond the bolder Arts of ſpeaking Love.

The Fair, dissembling Passion, nothing spoke,
 But chid his Boldness with an angry Look;
 Inspir'd by Love (how quick are Lover's Eyes!)
 The am'rous Youth perceiv'd the thin Disguise;
 Perceiv'd what Doubts her wav'ring Mind possess'd,
 And saw the Conflict rising in her Breast;
 From hence his Love encourag'd bolder grew,
 The Maid within the farther Court he drew;
 But she, as though with an unwilling Mind,
 Came slowly on, and seem'd to lag behind;
 At length the beauteous Priestess Silence broke,
 And threat'ning Words (as Women use) she spoke;

“Stranger, what Frenzy does your Mind invade?
 “Bold Man, how dare you thus attempt a Maid?
 “Let loose my Garment, and from hence retire,
 “Nor fondly tempt my wealthy Parents Ire;
 “At least, provoke not thus a Deity,
 “Nor vex my Goddess by affronting Me;
 “Or can you think, presumptuous Youth, and vain,
 “So short a Time a Maid's Consent can gain?
 “Means must be try'd, and various Hardships run;
 “A modest Virgin must with Pains be won!

She threat'ned thus (such Threats become the Fair)
 But the pleas'd Youth cou'd well such Chidings bear;

In Love well-skill'd he saw the thin Disguise,
 And read the yielding Female in her Eyes ;
 (For ever note that Women's Threat'nings prove
 The sure Forerunners of their future Love,)
 The Boy, by Love's o'eruling Passion sway'd,
 First kiss'd her fragrant, iv'ry Neck, then said ;

“ Fair Virgin, worthy to adorn the Skies,
 “ As *Venus* Fair, and as *Minerva* wise,
 “ Bless'd is the Man, to whom Thou ow'st thy Birth,
 “ And doubly bless'd the Womb, which brought Thee forth;
 “ A Frame, in which such Heav'nly Graces shine,
 “ Must sure contain a Mind no less Divine ;
 “ Let not, fair Maid, that soft, that yielding Breast
 “ Be by a hard, relentless Soul possess'd ;
 “ With Pity view my Suff'rings, hear my Pray'r,
 “ Hear, and compassionate a Lover's Care ;
 “ As *Venus*' Priestess, I conjure you, prove
 “ Your self obedient to the Queen of Love ;
 “ How dare you thus resist her mighty Sway ?
 “ You own her Pow'r, her Laws you disobey.
 “ What has a Maid to do with *Venus*' Rites ?
 “ The wanton Goddess in no Maid delights.
 “ To *Venus* sacred She can ne'er be said,
 “ Who shuns the Pleasures of the Marriage-Bed ;

“ If

"If your Devotion is unfeign'd, and true,
 "What the fair Queen, and Love enjoin, pursue.
 "If then, by Me perswaded, You would prove
 "The Marriage-Joys, and learn the Ways of Love,
 "Behold your Slave ——— and oh! that I might claim
 "A nearer Tie, a Husband's dearer Name!
 "Nor think unbid to court you I presume,
 "With fair Credentials from your Queen I come;
 "With her the God of Love is on my Side,
 "He brought Me here, and destin'd You my Bride;
 "As once *Aleides*, at a * God's Command,
 "Serv'd the fair † Princess of *Maonia's* Land,
 "So I, whom here a God Superior drew,
 "At his Command submit my self to You.
 "Should you, fair Maid, my Service disapprove,
 "You anger *Venus*, and the God of Love;
 "Beware betimes, your Queen's Command pursue,
 "Nor *Atalanta's* dreadful Fate renew;
 "Fondly, like you, her Chastity she priz'd,
 "And, deaf to Love, *Meilanion's* Bed despis'd;
 "Not long despis'd; for soon she felt the Weight
 "Of *Cupid's* Anger, and of *Venus's* Hate;
 "To Her the Pow'rs transfer'd her Lover's Pain,
 "Like him she lov'd, and lov'd like him in vain.

* *Mercury's*. † *Omphale*.

"May Heav'n from Thee, dear Maid, this Fate remove,

"Yet still beware, nor shun my proffer'd Love.

His Words (whom wou'd not Words like these perswade?)

His moving Words seduc'd the yielding Maid;

Silent on Earth she fix'd her downcast Eye,

While her fair Visage glow'd a crimson Dye;

Her trembling Limbs could scarce support her Weight,

Falter'd her Steps, nor steady was her Gate;

Disorder'd Actions her new Flame reveal'd,

While with her Robe the lovely Virgin, fill'd

With Shame, her Breast, and iv'ry Neck conceal'd.

Who cannot guess what this Confusion meant?

In yielding Maids their Silence speaks Consent.

The beauteous Priestess now began to prove

The pleasing Pain, the bitter Sweet of Love!

His Fires now fiercely glow within her Breast,

Leander's Form all, all her Soul possess'd.

While thus her Eyes half-clos'd beheld the Ground,

Th' enamour'd Youth survey'd her all around,

With burning Eyes he ran her Body o'er,

And still the more he look'd, he lov'd the more.

A thousand Fears her panting Bosom shook,

Till blushing, with a melting, dying Look,

After a long, long Silence thus she spoke.

"Thy

- "Thy Words ev'n Things Inanimate might move ;
 "Who taught Thee first the winning Arts of Love ?
 "By whom conducted didst Thou hither roam ?
 "Alas ! what brought Thee from thy Native Home ?
 "Where didst thou learn this soft, this pleasing Strain ?
 "Pleasing indeed ! but yet 'tis told in vain :
 "By what Assurance can I hold your Love ?
 "You are a Stranger, and may Faithless prove.
 "Suppose, to you my secret Thoughts incline,
 "By lawful Wedlock you cou'd ne'er be mine ;
 "Still I must want my Friend's concurrent Voice,
 "My rigid Parents would condemn my Choice.
 "See then, what Bars obstruct our mutual Flame,
 "Though Nature prompted, Duty would reclaim.
 "Some secret Pleasures haply you propose,
 "Precarious Joys, which Time must soon disclose.
 "The World is now so fond of Scandal grown,
 "Your private Actions are in publick shown ;
 "At *Sestos* here, should you, a Stranger, stay,
 "'Tis guess'd with Ease what stand'rous Tongues would say.
 "But yet tho' Duty must obstruct thy Pray'r,
 "And rigid Virtue starts, and bids beware ;
 "This I must own, 'twill please my Soul to know
 "To whom this Debt of proffer'd Love I owe ;
 "Your

"Your Name, your Country, and your Lineage shew,

"Tell then, and, as you love me, tell me true :

"Too well alas! I fear, thou know'st my own,

"Better for *Hero* hadst thou never known !

"Near *Sestos*' Shore a noted Tow'r there stands,

"Whose rising Height a distant View commands :

"Here with one Maid (for so my Friends decree'd)

"A dismal, melancholy Life I lead ;

"No kind Companion of my tender Years

"My lonely Dwelling with her Presence cheers :

"The tedious Hours roll heavily away,

"No youthful Sports are there, but Night and Day

"I hear the Roaring of the windy Bay.

She spoke, and blushing hung her beauteous Head,

Oppress'd with Shame at what her self had said :

Th' attentive Youth on ev'ry Accent hung,

Charm'd with the melting Musick of her Tongue ;

Tho' stop'd, he seem'd her tuneful Voice to hear,

And her last Sounds still warbled in his Ear ;

'Twas Love had taught her Words 'till then unknown,

Mild was her Speech, and tender was her Tone ;

Nor Pride, nor Anger on her Brow remain'd,

Love, Love alone, and yielding Softness reign'd ;

All free from Foils appear'd her Beauty's Store,

And thousand Charms broke out, unseen before.

Leander's Eyes, with tender Passion fill'd,
 The lovely Maid with soft Regard beheld,
 If ought 'till then within his Breast remain'd
 Unconquer'd still, and Beauty's Force sustain'd,
 Dissolv'd with Love the stubborn Metal ran,
 And soft Affection quell'd his best of Man.
 A thousand Conflicts in his Breast arise,
 Resolv'd to die, or win the beauteous Prize;
 Fierce to enjoy, with raging Passion warm'd,
 To gain the Fair a thousand Plots he form'd.

The subtle God, who causes Lovers Pain,
 Oft cures their Ails, and heals their Wounds again,
 Pitying the Smart he caus'd them to endure,
 Prepares the Med'cine, and points out the Cure.
 He knew what Doubts *Leander's* Soul possess'd,
 And saw the wild Disorders in his Breast,
 Then healing Counsel to his Mind infus'd,
 Who, sighing first, these wily Speeches us'd;
 "I'd wade thro' thousand Dangers to those Arms,
 "Nor Death himself should fright me from thy Charms;
 "Tho' rolling Flames the Water's Place supply'd,
 "To gain thy Love I'd stem the blazing Tide;
 "Justly you ask what Country claims my Birth,
 "Then know, *Abydos* is my Native Earth:

From

"From thence each Night I'll cross this parting Stream,
 "(The Stream will narrow to a Lover seem)
 "Then pale, cold, shiv'ring fly into thy Arms,
 "Dissolve in Joys, and die upon thy Charms.
 "But still when *Phæbus* flies the Shades of Night,
 "From off thy Turret hang some friendly Light,
 "Thro' trackless Seas to guide my wandering Sight.
 "No heav'nly Constellation will I view,
 "Be That the Star to guide my Course to you.
 "Thou, Thou shalt be the pleasant Land of Love,
 "Whilst I, fair Maid, the bold Advent'rer prove,
 "To those blest'd Coasts, that happy Climate bound,
 "Where circling Joys, and endless Bliss are found.
 "But ah ! beware lest Winds put out the Fire ;
 "Nor let your Lover with the Light expire ;
 "Then raging Seas would quench my vital Flame,
 "And endless Night o'erwhelm *Leander's* Name ;
 "For thus I'm call'd, and let me dare to add,
 "The future Partner of fair *Hero's* Bed.

Thus the fond Virgin, and the am'rous Boy,
 Concerted Measures to conceal their Joy,
 Their Troth they plighted, and agree'd to prove
 For ever faithful to their secret Love,
 She to expose the Light, and nightly He,
 The Signal giv'n, to cross the distant Sea.

The Night in fond Endearments slip'd away,
 And dawning Light proclaim'd approaching Day;
 Th' unwelcome Morning caus'd them to divide,
 And forc'd the Bridegroom from his beauteous Bride;
 She to her Castle went, the Youth pass'd o'er,
 And safely reach'd the *Abydenian* Shore:
 Some Tokens, e'er he went, he left behind,
 Observ'd, and fix'd his Place to land in Mind,
 Left Shades of Darknefs should Confusion breed,
 And dusky Night his wand'ring Steps mislead.

The loving Pair on future Joys intent
 The tedious Day with fierce Impatience spent;
 Their ardent Wishes call'd the friendly Night,
 The kind Concealer of their stol'n Delight:
 She came at last, and drowzy Mortals slept,
 But watchful Love the Bridegroom waking kept;
 Wing'd with Desire, and fill'd with pleasing Thought,
 The neighb'ring Strand with eager Steps he fought,
 And many a longing Look, and tender View,
 Across the Seas to *Hero's* Tow'r he threw;
 Panting with Joy, he stay'd the promis'd Sign,
 And wish'd to see the Torch exalted shine;
 At length the long'd-for, welcome Minute came,
 When settled Darknefs did the Night proclaim,
 Thro' the dim Shades he saw the glimm'ring Flame.

Soon as the ardent Youth perceiv'd the Fire,
 He felt his Breast inflam'd with strong Desire ;
 Flames, hot as That, did in his Bosom play,
 Consume his Heart, and melt his Soul away.
 Some time he stood uncertain on the Shore,
 He saw the Waves, and hear'd the distant, hollow Roar ;
 Terror at first his anxious Soul oppress'd,
 And threat'ning Danger shook his troubled Breast,
 Till, urg'd by Love, the Youth no longer fear'd,
 But with these Words his drooping Spirits cheer'd ;

“The troubled Waves, that thus tumultuous roll,
 “Express the wild Disorders in my Soul ;
 “The fierce, and raging Seas command my Stay,
 “And Love, as raging, and as fierce as They,
 “Urges my Flight, and bids me hast away.
 “Be firm, my Soul, and scorn the stormy Main,
 “Let Fear give Way to Love's Superior Pain.
 “Dread'st thou the Waves ? Not *Neptune's* watry Store
 “Could make these Flames within me burn no more.
 “Hence from my Breast these needless Fears remove,
 “And trust secure the potent Queen of Love ;
 “Sprung from the Main, the watry Realms obey
 “The mighty Goddess, and confess her Sway ;
 “Hear

"Hear then, Coelestial Charmer, hear my Pray'r,
 "And smile propitious on a loving Pair,
 "Who claim from Thee a more than common Care.
 "We bind Thee to us with a double Tie,
 "Thy Priestess She, thy faithful Servant I.
 "For both our Sakes then grant thy needful Aid,
 "And heal the Wounds, which thou thy self hast made.

He spoke, and strait himself he disarray'd,
 And all to View his lovely Limbs display'd,
 Then gather'd up his loose Attire, and round
 His Head a Length of flowing Robe he wound.

The dauntless Youth, resolv'd to venture o'er,
 The Land forsaking, sprung from off the Shore;
 The shining Light with stedfast Eyes he view'd,
 And, steer'd by That, his watty Course pursu'd,
 With rowing Arms he cut the liquid Deep,
 Himself the Pilot, Passenger, and Ship.

Mean while the Fair, regardful of her Love,
 From off the Turret hung the Light above,
 And whencesoe'er the Winds impetuous blew,
 That Way the cautious Maid her Garment threw.

But now the Youth had reach'd the farther Side,
 And in soft Whispers call'd the watchful Bride;
 The list'ning Fair the promis'd Signal drew,
 Swift to the Shore on Wings of Love she flew,

Shot to his Arms, and wrapp'd with silent Joy
 In strict Embraces strain'd the panting Boy.
 A secret Room the fair Conductress sought,
 (The Field where oft the Fights of Love were fought)
 With Sweets she chas'd the fishy Scent away,
 And clear'd the Skum, which on his Body lay,
 Steep'd in the Brine, and spent with Length of Toil,
 His Limbs with Perfumes bath'd, and fragrant Oil,
 Dry'd his wet Locks, and turn'd with artful Care
 The loosen'd Ringlets of his trickling Hair.

Now on a soft, and easy Bed the Maid
 The Bridegroom, scarce recover'd yet, had lay'd ;
 Then, clinging round him, these soft Words she us'd,
 And thrilling Joys into his Soul infus'd ;

“ What has my Charmer suffer'd for my sake ?
 “ Dangers, which None but He would undertake :
 “ What has my Charmer suffer'd ? take thy rest,
 “ Warm thy cold Body on my glowing Breast :
 “ Enough of Swimming, and enough of Pain
 “ Thou'st known already on the noisome Main,
 “ Forget your Cares, within this Circle plac'd,
 “ And in these Arms think all your Troubles pass'd.

Soon as the Fair her pleasing Speech had done,
 The ravish'd Bridegroom loos'd her Virgin-Zone ;

And

And now *Leander*, and the *Sestian* Maid,
 Shar'd mutual Joys, and *Venus'* Laws obey'd;
 The silent Wedding was without a Guest,
 The Marriage-Rites without the Marriage-Feast.
 No tuneful Bard with Nuptial Hymns was there,
 To bless the Bed, or hail the happy Pair.
 No Dance was seen, no *Hymeneal* Throng,
 Nor joyful Parents sung the Bridal Song.
 No Nuptial Torch did with it's sacred Flame
 Or grace the Bed, or Marriage-Rites proclaim;
Night lay'd the Bride, and gentle *Silence* spread
 Her fleecy Mantle o'er the Nuptial Bed.
 Ne'er did the Morn, or *Phæbus'* piercing Eye
 Perceive their Joys, or secret Pleasures spy.

Now were the friendly Shades of Night withdrawn,
Aurora blush'd, and Day began to dawn;
 Compell'd to go, the Youth withdrew in Hast,
 With Joy reflecting on his Pleasures pass'd;
 The cautious Maid conceal'd her stol'n Delight,
 By Day a Virgin, and a Bride by Night.
 Both with Impatience stay'd the setting Sun,
 The Loving Pair, still as the Day was done,
 Renew'd their Pleasures, and fresh Joys begun.

The happy Minutes thus run smoothly on,
 Their Loves conceal'd, and their Amour unknown;

For some short Time these fond Endearments pass'd,
 But ah ! their Pleasures were too great to last !
 The Seasons alter'd shew'd the Winter near,
 And chang'd the Face of the declining Year ;
 Whirlwinds in Eddies curl the foaming Main,
 And sweeping Tempests lash the watry Plain,
 Old *Ocean* trembles with the boist'rous Blow,
 And *Neptune's* Palace feels the Shock below ;
 Th' experienc'd Sailor sees the Storm arise,
 And gath'ring Clouds obscure the gloomy Skies,
 Stands in to Shore, and shuns with prudent Care
 The wintry Tempests, and the watry War.

Nor Storms, nor Seas the dauntless Youth could move,
 Nor Storms, nor Seas could interrupt his Love ;
 Th' accustom'd Sign th' unhappy Lover drew,
 And urg'd him on past Pleasures to renew ;
 The Flame, which led him to his Joys of late,
 (False, and unkind !) now led him to his Fate.
 Oh ! had but Prudence taught the loving Fair
 So short a while *Leander's* Loss to bear,
 Had her fond Passion brook'd so just a Stay,
 When Winter's Storms oppos'd her Lover's Way,
 Long might the Youth — but cease we to upbraid,
 Love, pow'rful Love, o'ercame an easy Maid,

D

And

And dear Experience makes the wisest prove,
 Ill suits Discretion with the Rage of Love!

Now shone the Torch upon the fatal Night,
 No more a Nuptial, but a Fun'ral Light;
 Dark were the Heav'ns, the Wind began to roar,
 And rising Waves came heaving in to Shore,
 By Passion sway'd, when bold *Leander* strove
 Thro' stormy Seas to reach the Joys of Love;
 With rowing Arms at first he bears aside
 Each mounting Surge, and backs the ridgy Tide;
 But now the Storm exerted all it's Force,
 And rolling Mountains stop'd him in his Course,
 Waves dash'd on Waves in foaming Heaps arise,
 And meeting Billows sparkle in the Skies,
 From ev'ry Point the gusty Tempest blows,
 And jarring Winds their adverse Blasts oppose;
 Such horrid Scenes at length the Youth dismay'd,
 He oft implor'd the Sea-born *Venus*' Aid,
 And oft the watry King's Assistance pray'd.
 The blust'ring *North* (he once had felt Love's Flame)
 He beg'd, conjur'd by *Atthis*' much lov'd Name;
 Conjur'd, that, as a Lover, he would prove
 Kind, and propitious to another's Love;
 In vain he pray'd; nor did the Storm abate;
 Fate conquers all, and Love must yield to Fate!

The raging Winds breath'd nothing but Despair,
 And rolling Waters tofs'd him here and there,
 Fainter and fainter yet his Strokes he took,
 Till Strength at last his tiring Limbs forsook;
 Each cruel Wave still hast'ned on his Death,
 Roll'd o'er his Head, and stop'd his struggling Breath,
 Relentless Winds had now blown out the Light;
 The Youth, and That at once sunk down to endless Night.

Mean while the restless, miserable Maid
 Waited her Love, and wonder'd why he stay'd;
 The Night, with various Passions tofs'd, she pass'd,
 The Shades dispers'd, and Morning came at last;
 Twixt Hopes and Fears upon the Tow'r she stood,
 And cast her Eyes along the distant Flood,
 Then the known Beach, and neighbouring Strand survey'd,
 In Hopes her Husband in the Dark had stray'd;
 But oh! too soon she saw him on the Shore,
 A breathless Corps with Rocks and Waters tore!
 Ah! how unlike he seem'd to him, whose Charms
 Had gain'd her Heart, and once had fill'd her Arms!

So dire a Sight what loving Heart could bear?
 Cold, chilling Horrors seiz'd th' astonish'd Fair,
 A creeping Numness bound her freezing Blood,
 A silent Statue, fix'd with Grief, she stood,

With ghastly Looks the killing Object view'd,
 Nor flowing Tears her stupid Eyes bedew'd:
 At length the Flood of Grief assum'd it's Course,
 And, like check'd Torrents, rush'd with double Force;
 With bursting Tears her Sorrows forc'd a Vent,
 With piercing Shrieks relentless Heav'n she rent,
 With cruel Grief she beat her snowy Breast,
 And furious tore with frantick Rage her Vest;
 From off the Tow'r, then, with a sudden Leap,
 Downward she shot, and plung'd beneath the Deep.

Thus for *Leander* dead fair *Hero* dy'd;
 Nor could the Sea, nor Death himself divide
 Th' unhappy Bridegroom from his faithful Bride.

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F I N I S.